

The Mirror

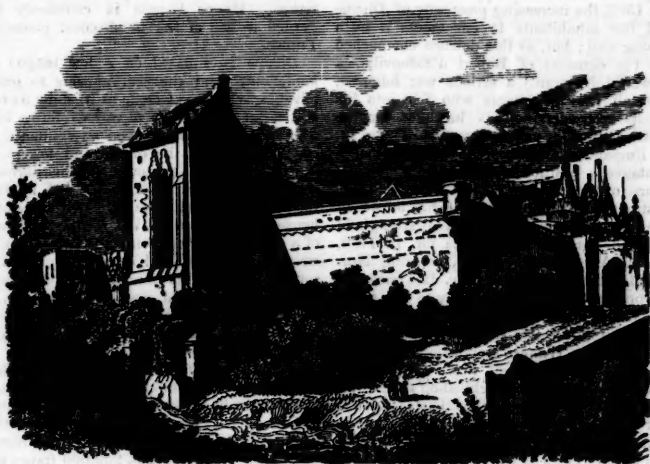
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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DIEPPE CASTLE.

DIEPPE, a considerable sea-port town of France, is situated in Upper Normandy, at the mouth of the river Arques, or Bethune, on the British Channel. It lies nearly opposite to our Brighton. The general appearance of both coasts is similar; but the height of the French cliffs may be greater.

In many respects, the route by Brighton and Dieppe from London to Paris possesses advantages over that by Dover and Calais. There is a saving of distance, amounting to twenty miles on the English, and sixty on the French, side of the water;* and, while the ride to the French metropolis by the Calais route is through an uninteresting country, with no other objects of curiosity than Amiens, Beauvais, and Abbeville;† by the Dieppe route it passes through a province unrivalled for its fertility and the beauty of its landscape, and allowed by the French themselves to be the garden of the

kingdom. Rouen, Vernon, Mantes, and St. Germain, names more or less connected with English history, successively present themselves to the traveller; and the road for the most part lies by the side of a noble stream, gemmed with islands, and varied with graceful windings.

The history of Dieppe is more interesting to the English reader than that of French towns generally. Chroniclers claim for it high antiquity. One writer represents it as the *Portus Ictius*, whence Julius Cæsar sailed for Britain. Others report Chaulmagne to have built a fortress on the site of the present town, and to have called it Bertheville, in honour of the Berthas, his mother and his daughter. Bertheville was one of the first places taken by the Normans, by whom the name was changed to Dyppe or Dieppe, a word which in their language is said to signify a good anchorage. Other writers, however, treat the whole of the early chronicle of Dieppe as a fiction, and maintain that even at the beginning of the eleventh century the town had no existence, and the place was only known as the port of Arques, within whose territory it was comprehended. Whatever date may be assigned to the foundation of Dieppe, it is frequently contended

* The passage is, however, much longer by sea, and is, on that account, less eligible for tourists than the Calais route, where the sea passage is little more than a score of miles. The nearest route from London to Paris is from Rye to Boulogne. It is fifty miles less by sea than from Brighton to Dieppe, and thirty miles less by land than through Dover.

† Yet the cathedral at Abbeville is a gem almost worth the whole journey to visit.

that William the Conqueror embarked here, and it seems undoubted that he sailed hence for his new kingdom in the next year.

It is, however, accredited that ten ages since the site of Dieppe was occupied by a few fishermen's huts. In 1080, the village began to assume the appearance of a town. In 1360, the increasing prosperity of Dieppe led the inhabitants to encompass it by a strong wall; but, as this defence encroached on the domains of Robert d'Estonville, (a powerful Norman,) a serious war followed, and all the inhabitants who fell into his hands were detained as hostages for the restoration of the violated property. Henry II. of England endeavoured to profit by its advantageous position, (which commands the course of the Bethune,) by erecting, in 1188, a strong castle upon the same hill on which the present fortress stands. This stronghold afforded but little protection; for, in 1195, Philip Augustus of France, entering Normandy with an hostile army, laid siege to Dieppe, and set fire not only to the town, but also to the shipping in the harbour. A few years afterwards the town was lost by Richard I. to Walter, archbishop of Rouen, for some encroachment made by Richard upon the right of the archbishop's see. In the fifteenth century the castle was rebuilt, but the design of the original structure is still visible. Dieppe became by the skill and bravery of its sailors of great importance as a maritime town. It fell by assault to the Dauphin, son of Charles VII., on the 14th of August, 1443. In 1590, the keys of the castle were placed by the Commander for the League in the hands of Henri IV., whose memory is deservedly revered at Dieppe. Its proximity to the plains of Arques sufficiently attest his valour, and the records of his generosity and enthusiasm are cherished in the minds of the people. It is somewhat remarkable that the sailors of this port have the privilege of wearing the dress of the warriors of Henri IV. in certain public ceremonies.

This village now becoming a powerful town, no longer disputed with a weak neighbour for a few acres of land. Its sailors overcame the Dutch and Flemish fleets, in 1555, with so little diminution of their strength that within three years they went on an expedition to Canada, and soon after to Florida; and, 1637, Thomas Lambert, a native of Dieppe, dared to raise the first French habitation for the spread of Christianity on the banks of the Senegal, in Africa. The establishment was not of long duration, but its effects have been permanent: for it was owing to the consignment of ivory then made to Dieppe, that many of the inhabitants were induced to become workers in that substance, a trade in which they have few rivals to the present time.

The last memorable event in the history of the original town was its bombardment in 1694, when the English, foiled near Brest, wreaked their vengeance upon Dieppe, and reduced the whole to ashes, save two churches and the castle. The town was rebuilt on a regular plan, agreeably to a royal ordinance. Hence Dieppe is commonly regarded as one of the handsomest places in France.

Dieppe is situated on a low tongue of land, but, from the sea, appears to great advantage; characterized, as it is, by its old castle, an assemblage of various forms and ages placed insulated upon an eminence to the west, and by the domes and towers of its churches. The mouth of the harbour was originally narrow and inclosed by two long stone piers, on one of which is a small house, built by Louis XVI., for the residence of a sailor, who, by saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners, had deserved well of his sovereign and of his country. Its front bears "A Jn. Ar. Bouzard, pour ses services maritimes;" but there was originally a second inscription in honour of the king, which has been carefully erased.*

The harbour of Dieppe has been for some time in course of improvement. A magnificent basin has been completed on the west, and here have been fitted out vessels for the whale fisheries; this year the French government have voted a sum of 200,000 francs for further improvements; while Dieppe is beginning to acquire the fashionable repute of a bathing-place: it is nearer Paris than any other port; and it supplies the capital with fish.

Round the harbour is built the town, which is singularly picturesque, as well from its situation, backed as it is by the steep cliff to the east, which, instead of terminating here abruptly, takes an inland direction, as from the diversity in the forms and materials of the houses of the quay: some of these are of stone, others of grey flint, more

* The fury of the Revolution could pardon nothing that bore the least relation to royalty: or, surely, a monument like this, the reward of courage, and calculated to inspire only the best of feelings, might have been allowed to remain uninjured. The French (observes Mr. Dawson Turner, whose valuable *Letters* we quote,) are wiser than we are in erecting these public memorials for public virtues; they better understand the art of producing an effect, and they know that such gratifications bestowed upon the living are seldom thrown away. We rarely give them but to the dead. Captain Manby, to whom above 130 shipwrecked mariners are even now (1818) indebted for their existence, and whose invention will probably be the means of preservation to thousands, is allowed to live in comparative obscurity; while, in France, a mere pilot, for having saved the lives of only eight individuals, had a residence built for him at the public expense, received an immediate gratification of one thousand francs, enjoyed a pension during his life, and, with his name and his exploits, now occupies a conspicuous place in the history of the Duchy.

of plaster with their timbers uncovered, and painted of different colours, but most of brick, not uncommonly ornamented, with high, slanting roofs. These remarks applied to the quay a few years since: the buildings there now may probably assume more regularity. In its streets, Dieppe is conspicuous among French towns for the uniformity of its structures: some of the houses are supported on arcades of red and yellow bricks.

The castle and two churches are the only buildings that escaped the bombardment. The hill on which the castle stands is steep; and the building, as well from its position, as from its high walls, flanked with towers and bastions, has an imposing appearance. In its general outline it bears a resemblance to the castle of Stirling; but it is not of such architectural importance. It is a confused mass of various eras; yet, as a whole, a picturesque and pleasing effect results from the very confusion and irregularity of its slanting topped towers, and spiral roofed turrets; and this is enhanced by a row of lofty arches, thrown across a ravine, near the entrance, supporting the bridge, and appearing at a distance like the remains of a Roman aqueduct. What appears to be the most ancient part is represented in the foreground of the Engraving: it is a lofty quadrangular tower with pointed panels in the four walls.

The present castle may be said to have been completed in the reign of Henri IV.; for it was not till this time that permission was given to the inhabitants to add to it a keep. "In its perfect state, whilst defended by this keep, and still further protected by copious outworks and bomb-proof casemates, its strength was great; but the period of its power was of short duration; for the then perturbed state of France naturally gave rise to anxiety on the part of the government, lest fortresses should serve as rallying points to the faction of the League; and the castle of Dieppe was, consequently, left with little more than the semblance of its former greatness."

Of the churches, that of St. Jacques is considerably the finest. It is an excellent specimen of what has been called the decorated English style of architecture, and nearly coincides in its principal lines with that which prevailed in our own country during the reigns of the second and third Edwards. The aisles of the interior resemble those of Westminster Abbey, having lateral separations made for nineteen chapels, the work of the piety of individuals. There is also a beautiful screen, and a lady chapel of pure Gothic art; and the extent and arrangement of the exterior resembles that of a conventual or cathedral church. Mrs. Stothard, in her interesting Tour, was in this church much struck by a display of enthusiastic devotion

in the lower orders; "for," adds this accomplished writer, "Christianity is the poor man's solace; it reconciles him to his painful and laborious portion in this world, by showing him a futurity, wherein, by the just dispensation of Providence, all conditions are equalized to their comparative scale of virtue."

The other church is dedicated to St. Remi, and is a building of the seventeenth century; though, judging from some of its pillars, it would be pronounced considerably more ancient. This edifice was scarcely finished, when a bomb, in 1694, destroyed the roof of the choir, and this remains to the present hour incomplete.

Ivory-working and the making of lace are the principal employments of such of the natives as are not engaged in the fishery. At present, the only manufacture on the beach is that of kelp, for which a large quantity of the coarser sea-weeds is burned; but the fisheries, which are not carried on with equal energy in any other port of France, are the chief support of the place.

Mr. Dawson Turner has well observed:

"To a painter Dieppe must be a source of great delight: the situation, the buildings the people, offer an endless variety; but nothing is more remarkable than the costume of the females of the middle and lower classes, most of whom wear high pyramidal caps, with long lappets entirely concealing their hair; red, blue, or black corsets, large wooden shoes, black stockings, and full scarlet petticoats of the coarsest woollen, pockets of some different die attached to the outside, and not uncommonly the appendage of a key or cork-screw: occasionally too the colour of their costume is still farther diversified by a checkered handkerchief and white apron. The young are generally pretty; the old, tanned and ugly; and the transition from youth to age seems instantaneous: labour and poverty have destroyed every intermediate gradation; but, whether young or old, they have all the same good-humoured look, and appear generally industrious, though almost incessantly talking. Even on Sundays or feast-days bonnets are seldom to be seen, but round their necks are suspended large silver or gilt ornaments, usually crosses, while long gold ear-rings drop from either side of their head, and their shoes frequently glitter with paste buckles of an enormous size. Such is the present costume of the females at Dieppe, and throughout the whole Pays de Caux; and in this description, the lover of antiquarian research will easily trace a resemblance to the attire of the women of England, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. As to the cap, which the Cauchoise wears when she appears *en grand costume*, its very prototype is to be found in Strutt's *Ancient Dresses*."

Still more remarkable as respects costume are the inhabitants of Pollet, a suburb of Dieppe, and by whom the fishing trade is chiefly carried on. "To the present hour they continue to preserve the same costume as in the sixteenth century; wearing trousers covered with wide, short petticoats, which open in the middle to afford room for the legs to move, and woollen waistcoats laced in the front with ribands, and tucked below into the waistband of their trousers. Over these waistcoats is a close coat, without buttons or fastenings of any kind, which falls so low as to hide their petticoats and extend a foot or more beyond them. These articles of apparel are usually of cloth or serge of a uniform colour, and either red or blue; for they interdict every other variation, except that all the seams of their dress are faced with white silk galloon, full an inch in width. To complete the whole, instead of hats, they have on their heads caps of velvet or coloured cloth, forming a *tout-ensemble* of attire, which is evidently ancient, but far from unpicturesque or displeasing."

The castle is not the only antiquarian work worthy of inspection in the suburbs of Dieppe: for, on the cliff, about a mile to the east, is an immense Celtic encampment in the finest preservation.

Anecdote Gallery.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.

WHEN the battle of Pultowa, so fatal to the Swedish monarch, was over, Peter invited the principal of his prisoners to dine with him in his tent; and after dinner, rising gravely from his seat, he gave the health of "his masters in the art of war." One of the Swedish generals said, "Pray, sir, to whom does your Majesty give that honourable title?" "To you, gentlemen," replied the Czar. "Then your Majesty has just treated your masters with great ingratitude," said another of the Swedish officers. "I will repair that," said the Czar, "as well as I can," and instantly restored their swords to them, and treated them with the most marked attention all the time they continued his prisoners.

The Emperor Alexander was accustomed to travel with the utmost rapidity. On a certain occasion, his Majesty, fatigued by having remained a long time in his carriage, alighted, and unaccompanied by any of his suite, pursued his way on foot through a village that lay before him. The Emperor was attired in his usual travelling costume, a military great coat without any particular mark of distinction. Desirous of obtaining some information respecting the road he was pursuing, he accosted a military-looking per-

sonage who stood smoking a cigar at the door of a house. To each of the Emperor's questions, the stranger replied in the most uncourteous manner; and by way of terminating the ungracious parley, "Allow me to ask," said Alexander, "what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Perhaps, sir, you may be a lieutenant?"—"Higher, if you please."—"Captain?"—"Another step."—"Major?"—"Go on, go on."—"Lieutenant-colonel, I presume?"—"You have hit it at last, though not without effort." These words were pronounced in a tone of arrogance, and the several answers in the preceding dialogue were accompanied by a cloud of smoke puffed full in the Emperor's face. "Now comes my turn, good Mr. Traveller," said the officer; "Pray what may be your military rank?"—"Guess."—"Well, then at the first glance I should say Captain."—"Higher, if you please."—"Major?"—"Go on, if you please."—"Lieutenant-colonel?"—"Pray, go on."—"Colonel?"—"A little higher, if you please."—(The officer upon this threw away the stump of his cigar.)—"Major-general?"—"Another step, if you please."—(The officer now stood immovable at "attention.")—"Your Excellence is then Lieutenant-general?"—"You are not quite up to the mark."—"In that case I have the honour to address myself to his Serene Highness the Field-marshal?"—"Do me the favour, Lieutenant-colonel, to make another effort."—"Ah, sire!" cried the officer with emotion, "will your Majesty deign to pardon me? But could I imagine that the Emperor—"—"I am not offended," replied Alexander, "and to prove it, if you have a favour to ask, I will grant it with pleasure."

At the storming of Warsaw, the principal battery was defended by only two battalions, but with such bravery as history can hardly parallel. When it was evident that it could no longer hold out, several privates of the artillery seated themselves on powder-barrels, and blew themselves up. But the conduct of General Sowinski was truly heroic; having lost one foot, he was, at his earnest request, seated in a chair, and placed on the altar of the desperately defended church, where he continued to give orders until the last of his comrades were cut down, when drawing forth two pistols, he, with one, shot a Russian who was rushing upon him, and with the exclamation—"So dies a Polish general!" fired the other through his own heart.

One evening, after a great battle, Frederic II. approached a fire, which had been lighted by some of the grenadiers of his own regiment. The soldiers began to ask him where he had been during the battle. "Generally," said they, "you lead us yourself where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not tight to abandon

us so." The King, in a good-humoured manner, explained to them in what part of the field he had been, and his reasons for being there, which had prevented him from being at the head of his own regiment. As he began to grow warm, he unbuttoned his great coat, and a ball dropped out which he had received in his clothes. The hole the ball had made in the great coat and coat was perceptible. Upon this the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They cried out, with all the tenderness of expression belonging in the German tongue to the singular pronoun. "You are our own good old Fritz; you share in all our dangers with us—we will all die for you!" and the conversation concluded with three cheers, and their entreaties to the King to take more care of his own safety.

Frederic II. wrote one day to General Salmon, commander at Cleves: "My dear Salmon,—If the Austrians come into my territories, tell them they have mistaken their way; if they begin to argue, make them prisoners; and if they make any resistance, cut them in pieces."

Viscount de Beaulieu having declared Antwerp in a state of siege, and ordered all the wine-houses to be closed, on the very first day a grenadier was found on his post desperately drunk. The commander, who, before condemning him to be shot, gave him an opportunity of explaining. The muddled soldier stammered out, "Why, General, your proclamation says, the refractory are to be fired on with *grape-shot*, and as I had none, I thought it my duty to *provide myself with ammunition*." Beaulieu laughed, and the grenadier escaped with a reprimand.

Lewis Birto Grillon, a gentleman of Avignon, was as remarkable on account of the peculiarities in his temper as his intrepidity, which had procured him the name of Dreadnaught. Having been sent to the Duke of Guise after the reduction of Marseilles, the Duke resolved to try his courage, and agreed with some gentlemen to give a sudden alarm before Grillon's quarters, as if the enemy had taken the place; at the same time he ordered two horses to the door, and going up into Grillon's room, told him all was lost; that the enemy were masters of the post and town: that they had forced the guards, and broken and put to flight all that opposed them; that, finding it impossible to resist any longer, he thought it was better for them to retreat, than by suffering themselves to be taken, add to the glories of the victory; that he had, therefore, ordered two horses to be brought, which were ready at the door, and desired he would make haste, for fear they should give the enemy time to surprise them. Grillon was asleep when the storm began, and was hardly awake whilst the Duke of

Guise was saying all this to him; however, without being at all disconcerted by so hot an alarm, he called for his clothes and his arms, saying, they ought not, on too slight grounds, to give credit to all that was said of the enemy; and even if the account should prove true, it was more becoming men of honour to die with swords in their hands, than to survive the loss of the place. The Duke of Guise not being able to prevail on him to change his resolution, followed him out of the room, but when they had got halfway downstairs, not being able to contain himself any longer, he burst out laughing, by which Grillon discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thereupon assumed a look much sterner than when he only thought he was going to fight, and squeezing the Duke of Guise's hand, said to him, swearing at the same time, "Young man, never make a jest to try the courage of a man of honour; for had you made me betray any weakness, I would have plunged my dagger into thy heart!" and then left him without saying a word more.

A respectable bourgeois, (says Dr. Beattie,) having waited upon Marshal Count Torrano, to complain of the number of soldiers who were quartered upon him, the Count, who was no German, called his interpreter. The honest bourgeois, however, conscious that he could talk, and talk well too, declined the friendly intervention; and drawing himself up square in front of the Count, with a low and reiterated bow, addressed him with "Ihr Eelenz!" The Count returned the bow, repeating the salutation, "Ihr Eelenz." Surprised at the honour thus suddenly accorded him, the sagacious client fancied he must have mistaken the title, and, therefore, with a still lower bow, resumed, "Monseigneur!" "Monseigneur!" said the Count, interrupting him in a more serious tone, "We will stop at that, if you please, lest, in the excess of our mutual compliments, we arrive at 'Your Majesty.'" The shopkeeper was nonplussed and embarrassed, which the Count perceiving, inquired, "What is your name, my friend?" "Spanckenberg," answered the man of ceremony. "Good!" said the Count, "and mine is Torrano. Now, Spanckenberg, what is your business with Torrano?"

W. G. C.

CURIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

VALENTINE JAMERAY DUVAL was born at Antony, a village of Champagne, in the year 1695, of very poor parents, who died while Valentine was very young, leaving behind them a very numerous progeny in a state of great indigence. Valentine was in a short time taken into the service of a farmer, and employed by him in the care of his poultry, but was dismissed at the begin-

ning of the severe winter of 1709. Destitute of every resource, and probably without a friend, he set out, not knowing whither he was to proceed. In walking towards Lorraine, he was seized with the small-pox, of which he must have perished, but for the humanity of a shepherd. From this time till the age of nineteen, he became an attendant on the flocks of the plains; when, being of a contemplative mind, and having, by his own exertions, acquired a taste for reading, he sought protection at the hermitage of St. Anne, not far from Luneville, of which the inhabitants made him an overseer of their rural concerns. Here, (says his biographer,) besides a most diligent attention to the business in which he was engaged, he learned writing and arithmetic; and, like our own countryman, Ferguson, spent his nights in examining the heavens. His observatory he made in the top of one of the highest oaks, which he constructed of osiers, in the form of a stork's nest. His finances, though very trifling, enabled him to purchase a few maps; with these he continued to gain some knowledge in astronomy and geography, which was introductory to more sublime pursuits. He now found himself in want of money to purchase books and other things necessary to the attainment of knowledge; and to supply his need, he hunted and killed a vast number of wild animals for the sake of their skins, the produce of which he converted into a fund to supply his literary exigencies. Accident procured him the assistance and protection of an Englishman, Mr. Forster, by whose liberality he obtained a library of some hundred volumes. He began now to be uneasy at his situation in life, which he thought was not that in which he ought to move. Pursuing his studies one day under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, with his maps and books about him, he was accosted by a hunting party, who proved to be branches of the royal family, with their tutors. Struck with the novelty of the scene, and having learnt Duval's history, they persuaded him to follow the bent of his inclination at the Jesuits' college at Pont-à-Mousson, under the patronage of the Duke of Lorraine. From thence he went to Paris, and soon after became professor of history in the high school at Luneville. In the year 1738, he removed to Florence, and became keeper of the ducal library. He was afterwards appointed by the Emperor Francis the First, keeper of the cabinet of ancient and modern coins at Vienna; he had a house assigned him near the palace, and he usually dined with the Emperor one day in every week. He was appointed sub-preceptor to Joseph the Second, in 1751, and was ever held in the highest esteem by the court. He died in the eighty-first year of his age. He was plain in his dress, simple in his manners, mild and kind

in his disposition, and grateful to his benefactors. To the hermits of St. Anne he presented an elegant mansion, with land; and on the spot where he was born, he erected a house, and assigned it as a dwelling for a schoolmaster.

P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

AFFECTION AND VAST NUMBER OF FISHES.

It may be supposed that little natural affection exists in this cold-blooded race, and in fact fishes constantly devour their own eggs, and, at a later period, their own young, without compunction or discrimination. Some few species bear their eggs about with them until hatched; thus, the *syngnathi* (seahorse, Pegasus, &c.) have, beneath the base of the tail, a small cavity, closed by two scaly pieces, which lap over it like folding doors. Within these are placed the eggs, enveloped in a fine membrane, and are allowed to remain there until the young ones appear. This we thought about the utmost extent of care which fishes lavished on their young, but Dr. Hancock has stepped in to rescue at least one species from the unmerited charge.

"It is asserted," he says, "by naturalists, that no fishes are known to take any care of their offspring. Both the species of *hassar* mentioned below, however, make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over most carefully. Their care does not end here; they remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched, with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs, both the male and female *hassar*, for they are monogamous, steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking the assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest, on agitating which the male *hassar* springs furiously at them, and is thus captured. The *roundhead* forms its nest of grass, the *flathead* of leaves. Both at certain seasons burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. I have been surprised to observe the sudden appearance of numerous nests in a morning after rain occurs, the spot being indicated by a bunch of froth which appears on the surface of the water over the nest. Below this are the eggs, placed on a bunch of fallen leaves or grass, which they cut and collect together. By what means this is effected seems rather mysterious, as the species are destitute of cutting teeth. It may possibly be by the use of their arms, which form the first ray of the pectoral fins."—*Zool. Journ.* No. XIV.

Pennant, indeed, gives an additional instance of parental affection in this much wronged class, for he says that the blue shark will permit its young brood, when in danger,

to swim down its mouth, and take shelter in its belly! The fact, he tells us, has been confirmed by the observation of several ichthyologists, and, for his part, he can see nothing more incredible in it than that the young of the opossum should seek an asylum in the ventral pouch of its parent. He does not tell us, however, that any of these ichthyologists, who may have seen the young sharks, swimming down the throat of their affectionate parent, ever saw one of them returning; and until that is seen we must think the evidence rather incomplete, more particularly as the position and direction of a shark's teeth seem to us to render such a feat next to impossible.

But affection is scarcely to be looked for where the offspring is so very numerous as to put all attempts at even recognising them out of the question. How could the fondest mother love 100,000 little ones at once? Yet this number is far exceeded by some of the matrons of the deep. Petit found 300,000 eggs in a single carp; Leuwenhoeck, 9,000,000 in a single cod; Mr. Harmer found in a sole 100,000, in a tench 300,000, in a mackerel 500,000, and in a flounder 1,357,000.* M. Rousseau disburthened a pike of 160,000, and a sturgeon of 1,567,000, while from one of this latter class some other person (whose name we do not immediately recollect) got 119 pounds weight of eggs, which at the rate of seven to a grain, would give a total amount of 7,653,300 eggs! If all these came to maturity the world would be in a short time nothing but fish; means, however, amply sufficient to keep down this unwelcome superabundance have been provided. Fish themselves, men, birds, other marine animals, to say nothing of the dispersions produced by storms and currents, the destruction consequent on their being thrown on the beach and left there to dry up, all combine to diminish this excessive supply over demand. Yet, on the other hand, (so wonderfully are all the contrivances of nature harmonized and balanced,) one of these apparent modes of destruction becomes an actual means of extending the species. The eggs of the pike, the barbel and many other fish, says M. Virey, are rendered indigestible by an acrid oil which they contain, and in consequence of which they are passed in the same condition as they were swallowed, the result of which is, that being taken in by

ducks, grebes, or other water fowl, they are thus transported to situations, such as inland lakes, which, otherwise, they could never have attained, and in this way only can we account for the fact, now well ascertained, that several lakes in the Alps, formed by the thawing of the glaciers, are now abundantly stocked with excellent fish.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

WHAT IS MILDEW?

(From a Lecture, by Professor Lindley.)

EVERY horticulturist has heard of mildew; and, though it is often confounded with blight, honey-dew, &c., the destructive fungi which constitute the real mildew, and the ravages they occasion, are unfortunately but too familiar to every one accustomed to either a garden or a field. Notwithstanding this, even the most eminent horticulturists know comparatively little either of the nature of this pest, or of its cure. One most important error exists respecting it, and this is, the belief, common among gardeners and agriculturists, that one kind of mildew will infect several kind of plants: but this can never be the case; each tribe of plants has a mildew peculiar to itself, which cannot, under any circumstances, affect plants of a different kind.

Mildew generally appears on the leaves or stems of plants in the form of red, white, or black spots, as a number of minute projections, as a frosty incrustation, or as a brownish powder; in every case spreading, more or less rapidly, according to its kind, and in its progress, withering the leaves, destroying the fruit, and finally, killing the plant. The popular reasons assigned for this pest are various: it has been ascribed to insects, fog, and even in one agricultural report, to the inflammation of the oxygen gas in the air towards the end of summer, which scorched the leaves. These opinions have, however, been all proved to be erroneous. Mildew is nothing more than different kinds of fungi, or parasites, attacking different kinds of plants, and varying in appearance and species according to the nature of the plants which they attack. It is the greatest enemy to the agriculturist, but the gardener also suffers from it severely.

The fungi, commonly called mildew, are divided into three classes:—1. Those which grow, or rather lie, on the surface of leaves, and which, perhaps, do not derive any nutriment from the plant; 2. Those which are formed in the interior of the stem or leaf, and protrude themselves from it when ripe; and 3. Those which only attack the roots. All are extremely simple in their organization, and very minute in their forms; they seldom appear but in autumn, except in forcing-houses.

* Mr. Harmer's paper will be found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1767. The results of his investigations he has reduced to a tabular form at the end. A tench was brought to him so full of spawn that the skin was burst by a slight knock and many thousands of the eggs lost; yet even after this misfortune he found the remainder to amount to 383,252! Of other marine animals which he includes under the general term fish, the fecundity, though sufficiently great, is by no means so enormous. A lobster yielded 7,227 eggs, a prawn 3,806, and a shrimp 3,057.

The first class, or mildew composed of those fungi that live on the surface of leaves, injure a plant by preventing its respiration, but do not appear to draw any nourishment from it. One of the most common of the fungi attacks the common cabbage. These



(Mildew on Cabbage.)

very destructive fungi have the appearance of small, white patches or specks, of frosty incrustation, which, when magnified, are found to consist of a number of small cylinders, lying end to end, or across each other. These cylinders are all filled with seed, and burst when it is ripe, scattering it in every direction: wherever it falls upon the leaf it takes root, and thus the fungus spreads rapidly.

The second class of fungi, viz. those which spring from the interior of leaves and stems, are by far the most fatal. These fungi generally appear in a sort of bag or case, which is supposed to be formed of the cuticle of the affected leaf. The oak is attacked by a species of fungus, different varieties of which are found on many kinds of forest-trees. That found on pine-trees, (fig. 1.) has, when magnified, the appearance of a number of ninepins. When ripe, the cuticle which covers the fungus bursts, and emits a powder of a bright orange colour, which is the seed.

A mildew of this kind, which infects corn, is highly injurious to the farmer. It is vulgarly called the pepper brand, and when corn is attacked by it, it gradually consumes the substance of the grain, leaving in its stead only a dark powder which has a very offensive smell. This fungus is found only on barley, and in this respect differs from the smut, which is destructive not only of barley, but also of wheat and oats. The smut has been the subject of many interesting experiments by Mr. Bauer, of Kew, whose discoveries will no doubt throw very considerable light upon the subject. It not only destroys the grain, which it converts into a kind of jelly, but it attacks the leaves and stems, always forming in the interior of the plant, and bursting forth when ripe.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that a berberry tree, if planted in a corn-field, will, if infected with mildew, communicate the disease to the corn. This cannot be the case, as the mildew which attacks the berberry, (fig. 3) is quite different from any of the fungi which are found on corn. The berberry mildew, when magnified, is found to consist of a number of small orange cups, with white films over each. When ripe, these lids burst, and the top of the cup assumes a ragged, uneven appearance, like white fungi. Each cup has within it a number of little boxes containing seeds.

The ergot on the rye is a well-known and very destructive species of mildew (fig. 4.) It partakes of the nature of the truffle, and grows out of a spike of corn like a prolonged kernel. It is long, horny, and cartilaginous; and it consists of fibres closely interlaced. This disease evidently originates in the centre of the stem. It affects maize, various species of grass, and is often found in plants of yellow gentian, &c.

Fig. 2, attacks gooseberry bushes; and



(Mildew on Trees and Plants.)

fig. 5, the mountain ash; both spread rapidly, and are very difficult to cure.

The principal fungi of the third class, or those which attack the roots of plants, are two; and both closely resemble truffles. One of these is of a brownish yellow, attacks crocuses; and in those countries where the



(Mildew on the Crocus.)

crocus is cultivated for its saffron as an article of commerce, it makes great ravages. It is called by the French, *la mort du safran*, and soon destroys a whole crop. The other fungus is found on the potato, lucern, &c. It turns the roots, which are naturally white, of a purplish hue. Its ravages are often attributed to grubs. Both these fungi appear to be propagated by spawn, or fibres which spread through the earth, and cling round the roots which they find in their way.

All these kinds of fungi are very easily propagated, from the rapidity with which they arrive at maturity, and the immense number of seeds which they produce. Most of the mildew fungi require only twenty-four

hours from the first springing of the plant to the ripening of its seed; and the number produced by each may be guessed from the circumstance of one mushroom being sufficient to propagate 250,000,000. The extreme minuteness of the mildew fungi renders them still more numerous. The first class, or the superficial mildew, appears to be communicated by the air, the seeds when ripe being carried by it from one plant to another, and establishing themselves wherever they touch. They destroy a plant by covering the surface of its leaves, and thus preventing respiration. Plants are generally most affected by superficial fungi after a long drought, when the fibres of their roots are unable to imbibe sufficient moisture from the soil, and the plant thus becomes debilitated, and affords an easy prey to the parasite which attacks it: as a proof, Dr. Lindley mentioned that in Scotland, where there are heavy night-dews, this fungus is unknown. The cure seems to be abundant watering.

The internal mildew evidently cannot be communicated by the air, since it always appears to spring from the interior of the plant, and to be at first covered with a thin skin, from which it does not burst till it is ripe. It is impossible, therefore, that this kind of mildew can be communicated externally, and yet the fact that it is contagious is so clear as not to admit a doubt. The only manner in which it appears probable that it can reach the interior, is through the roots. The seeds, when ripe, fall upon the earth, which becomes contaminated by them, and they are sucked up by the spongioles of the roots.—*Abridged from the Gardener's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE, ST. PETERSBURGH.

Few cities in Europe present such an assemblage of royal mansions as St. Petersburg. Indeed, it has been not inappropriately called a City of Palaces. It surprises the travel-

ler more than London or Paris, from the great number and magnitude of its public buildings, from the boldness of its architecture, and from the total absence of those dark and wretched courts and lanes, which, in other cities, and especially in London and Paris, obtrude themselves on the notice in the midst of grandeur and stateliness of exterior. This superiority is easily explained. St. Petersburg is one of the most recently built capitals in Europe: its first stone was laid but 136 years since; hence its architects have possessed the advantages of consulting convenience in spacious squares and broad streets, which are but rare features in ancient cities. Wherever cities have been rebuilt in modern times, the width of the streets has been increased: 170 years since, or before the Great Fire, the City of London must have been a knot of tortuous lanes and alleys, and these features distinguish the most ancient part of our capital to the present day. After the Fire, the streets were much widened; in our time the width of new streets has been still increased; and Regent-street is to parts of the City of London, what St. Petersburg is to our entire capital.

The Imperial or Winter Palace occupies a vast space, with a noble quay of granite, upon the left bank of the Neva. It was built by the order of the Empress Elizabeth, in 1754, and 80,000 workmen are said to have been employed in its construction, to which its architect, Rastrelli, owes his elevation to the dignity of a Count. We fear it will be long before any individual will obtain such an honour for building a palace in this country; for our architects have but sorry ideas of the magnificence that should wall a king. A curious observer may probably trace something of the failure in national feeling.

The vast and imposing structure of the Winter Palace has a square form, three sides of which are unconnected with any other building. The north side, or that which faces the Neva, is 721 feet in extent. It is composed of a basement story of the Ionic order, surmounted by a principal and a second story or attic of the Corinthian order. The roof is surrounded by a light balustrade adorned with vases and statues. The Corinthian columns and pilasters, between the windows of the principal and second story are 35 feet high. The upper entablature is interrupted in the centre, and at the two extremities, by appropriate pediments. This may be considered as the principal, and certainly, the finest elevation of the building. The style of the Winter Palace may, however, be called heavy; but, as a mass, its appearance is more striking than either the Tuileries, the Royal Castle at Berlin, or any of the royal palaces in Europe, excepting that of the King at Madrid, which, though

smaller, has a more imposing front. For size, Dr. Granville believes the Winter Palace to be superior to all these, and in internal decorations, it yields to none of them.

It would be an endless task to attempt a description of the different apartments of this palace, which occupies an area of 400,000 square feet. There are from 90 to 100 principal rooms on the first story. Among these is the Great Hall of St. George, one of the most magnificent rooms on the Continent. Neither the Tuileries nor the palace at Versailles can boast of anything like it. It is a parallelogram, 140 feet by 60, surrounded by 40 fluted Corinthian columns of porphyritic marble, with bronze capitals and bases, richly gilt; on which rests a gallery, with a gilt bronze balustrade of exquisite workmanship. Another striking apartment is the Military Gallery, erected by command of the late Emperor of Russia. The walls of this gallery are 180 feet long, and entirely covered with half-length portraits of the general-officers who distinguished themselves in the Russian service during the war with France. At one extremity is a portrait of the late Emperor Alexander nearly twice the size of life, on his white charger; painted by the English artist, Dawe.*

The diamond-room of the Winter Palace contains the jewels and crowns of the Imperial family. That of the Emperor is surrounded by a chaplet of oak-leaves, represented by diamonds of an extraordinary size. The celebrated diamond supposed to be the largest in Europe, being 194 carats in weight, decorates the Imperial sceptre, which, with the globe, forms part of this splendid collection.

This palace is the ordinary residence of the Emperor during the winter months, from which circumstance it derives its appellation. When his Majesty resides in it, the Imperial flag is hoisted from the top of the palace. It is asserted that upwards of 2,000 persons habitually reside in this palace, and that even a larger number are lodged in it when the Emperor is at St. Petersburg.

The Engraving shows the Winter Palace on the side of the square, seen through the trophæal arch of the *État Major*: it is copied from one of the illustrations of Dr. Granville's Tour.

Connected with the Winter Palace are the *Grande* and *Petit Hermitage*. To these buildings is similarly joined the Theatre; the three presenting a frontage of 776 feet along the Neva, and forming, with the Winter Palace, a continued line of Palaces, unequalled in extent by any in Europe, and measuring 1,596 feet, or more than one-third of an English mile.

* Mr. Dawe is said to have been mainly indebted for the Emperor's patronage, to his popular production of the portraits of the late Princess Charlotte and her Royal Consort, as seen from a box at the Opera.

The Public Journals.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

MORTAL man of flesh and blood,
What wouldst thou with a Fairy-Love?
Where should we spread
Our bridal bed?
Under the depths of the roaring flood,
That fills thee with dread as it rolls above!
Canst thou tread an ocean cave?
Canst thou gaze on the emerald light,
That plays round the wall
Of the coral hall,
Where studded with pearls the sea flowers wave,
Like moving stars in their azure height?
Is there charm that can set thee free,
Till thou melt and mix in the sunbeams rare?
Canst thou float,
In our Nautilius' boat,
Over the green and glassy sea,
To chase the Spirits of viewless air?
Thou wert born for leafy bowers—
We live in the spells wherewith 'tis fraught—
In the secret sound,
The gleam on the ground.
Thou art substance—we are power—
And what is thy love but a fleeting thought?
Thou art a thing of decay and death,
With a form, but lent thee, awhile to wear;
The narrow room
Will cover thy bloom—
But we that breathe not mortal breath,
Can take a thousand shapes more fair.
Water we touch, and it does not wet,
Fire we pierce and it does not burn;
Nor earth can hold,
Nor air enfold,
For we chase the stars that are going to set,
And girdling the world with the sun return.
Thou creepest but in an earthly cell—
We live in the clouds of the gorgeous east,
That shoot and fly
From the summer's d sky,
To shape us a palace wherein to dwell,
When we hold our Fairy-feast.
Our banquet can eye of thine behold;
Thy lip can it taste our charmed cup?
The regions of light
Are but shades of night,
To the blaze of our Palace of living gold,
That naught but our presence has lighted up.
Mortal man, of flesh and blood,
What wouldst thou with a Fairy-Love?
Where should we spread
Our bridal bed?
Under the depths of the roaring flood!
Or in realms thou canst not reach above!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HANWELL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

By Harriet Martineau.

It is commonly agreed that the most deplorable spectacle which society presents, is that of a receptacle for the insane. In pauper asylums we see chains and strait waistcoats, —three or four half-naked creatures thrust into a chamber filled with straw, to exasperate each other with their clamour and attempts at violence; or else gibbering in idleness, or moping in solitude. In private asylums, where the rich patients are supposed to be well taken care of, in proportion to the quantity of money expended on their account,

there is as much idleness, moping, raving, exasperating infliction, and destitution of sympathy, though the horror is attempted to be veiled by a more decent arrangement of externals. Must these things be?

I have lately been backwards and forwards at the Hanwell Asylum for the reception of the pauper lunatics of the county of Middlesex. On entering the gate, I met a patient going to his garden-work with his tools in his hand, and passed three others breaking clods with their forks, and keeping near each other for the sake of being sociable. Further on were three women rolling the grass in company; one of whom,—a merry creature, who clapped her hands at the sight of visitors, had been chained to her bed for seven years before she was brought hither, but is likely to give little further trouble henceforth, than that of finding her enough to do. A very little suffices for the happiness of one on whom seven years of gratuitous misery have been inflicted;—a promise from Mrs. Ellis to shake hands with her when she has washed her hands,—a summons to assist in carrying in dinner,—a permission to help to beautify the garden, are enough. Further on is another in a quieter state of content, always calling to mind the strawberries and cream Mrs. Ellis set before the inmates on the lawn last year, and persuading herself that the strawberries could not grow, nor the garden get on without her, and fiddle-faddling in the sunshine to her own satisfaction and that of her guardians. This woman had been in a strait waistcoat for ten years before she was sent to Hanwell. In a shed in this garden, sit three or four patients cutting potatoes for seed, singing and amusing each other; while Thomas, a mild, contented looking patient, passes by with Mrs. Ellis's clogs, which he stoops to tie on with all possible politeness; finding it much pleasanter as Dr. Ellis says, "to wait on a lady than be chained in a cell." In the bakehouse, meanwhile, are a company of patients, kneading their dough; and in the wash-house and laundry, many more, equally busy, who would be tearing their clothes to pieces if there was not the mangle to be turned, and a prodigious array of linen in the drying closet to be ironed. A story higher, are coteries of straw-plaiters, and basket-makers, and knitters, among the women,—and saddlers, shoemakers, and tailors among the men. A listless or moping one may be seen here and there; and the greater number can think of nothing but their own concerns; but certain curious arguments and friendly discussions may be perceived going on in corners; kind offices are perpetually exchanged. The worst grievance, for the time, is a good deal of senseless chatter; while here is the actual fact of a large company of lunatics, clean, orderly, sociable, busy, and useful. When

the dinner-bell rings, what a cheerful smile runs round! and how briskly they move off to the ward, where their meal awaits them! feeling, perhaps, what one of them expressed: "However little intellect we may have, we all know what the dinner-bell means." There is another place where the greater number of them go, with equal alacrity; to the chapel, where they may be seen on a Sunday evening, decked out in what they consider their best, and equalling any other congregation whatever in the decorum of their deportment. Where are the chains, and the straw, and the darkness? Where are the howls, and the yells, without which the place cannot be supposed a mad-house? There is not a chain in the house, nor any intention that there ever shall be; and those who might, in a moment, be provoked to howl and yell, are lying quietly in bed, talking to themselves, as there is no one else present to talk to. They will probably be soon ready to make a rational promise to be quiet, if they may get up and join their companions. A few, who are not to be trusted with the use of their hands, but who are better in society than alone, are walking about their ward, with their arms gently confined; but, out of five hundred and sixty-six patients, only ten are under even so much restraint as this. Almost the whole are of the same harmless class with the painter in the hall, who hastens to remove his ladder and paint-pot to let us pass, and politely hopes to see us all in London very soon; or the self-satisfied knitter, who concludes me to be a foreigner, because I do not know Mrs. A. B—, of C—, who is a great friend of hers, and because I have nothing to do with the Bank of England.

The commonest objection to the true method of managing lunatics,—treating them as nearly as possible like rational beings,—is the supposed danger of letting them be at large. What is to be learned at Hanwell about this?

It is nearly twenty years since Dr. and Mrs. Ellis began to treat lunatics as much as possible as if they were sane; and in all that time no accident has happened. This was, of course, the point of their management most anxiously pondered by them, when they took the charge of the Wakefield institution, which was conducted by them with high honour and success for many years. The question of confinement or liberty was that on which the whole of their management hung. They decided for liberty; determining that the possible loss of a life, perhaps of their own, would be a less evil than the amount of woe inflicted by the imprisonment of a great number of irritable persons for a long series of years. They threw open their doors, were lavish of air, sunshine, liberty,

and amusement to their patients; and have been rewarded by witnessing the happiness they proposed, without paying the possible penalty. It should be remembered that the irritable are exasperated by opposition, and not by freedom. How much of the safety of Dr. Ellis's patients may be owing to the recognition of this principle, and how much to the system of classification to which he has been led by his adoption of phrenological principles, it is for himself to declare; but no one who witnesses the results can doubt the wisdom of his methods. I saw the worst patients in the establishment, and conversed with them, and was far more delighted than surprised to see the effect of companionship on those who might be supposed the most likely to irritate each other. Some are always in a better state when their companions are in a worse; and the sight of woe has evidently a softening effect upon them. One poor creature, in a paroxysm of misery, could not be passed by; and while I was speaking to her as she sat, two of the most violent patients in the ward joined me, and the one wiped away the scalding tears of the bound sufferer, while the other told me how "genteel" an education she had had, and how it grieved them all to see her there. Why should it be supposed that the human heart ceases its yearnings whenever confusion is introduced among the workings of the brain? And what is so likely to restore order as allowing their natural play to the affections which can never be at rest? For those who cannot visit Hanwell, it may be enough to know that no accident has happened among Dr. Ellis's many hundred patients, during the twenty years that he has been their guardian; but there is a far higher satisfaction in witnessing and feeling the evident security which prevails in the establishment, where the inmates are more like whimsical children, manageable by steadiness, than wretched maniacs, controllable only by force. "O, do let me out! Do let me go to my dinner!" wailed one in her chamber, who had been sent there because she was not "well enough" for society in the morning. The dinner-bell had made her wish herself back again among her companions. "Let me out, and I will be quiet and gentle." "Will you?" was the only answer when her door was thrown open. In an instant she dispersed her tears, composed her face, and walked away like a chidden child. The talk of these paupers often abounds in oaths when they first enter: but the orderly spirit of the society soon banishes them. "I cannot hear those words," Mrs. Ellis says. "I will hear anything that you have to say in a reasonable manner. I am in no hurry. I will sit down: and now let me hear." No oaths can follow upon an invitation like this: and the habit of using them is soon broken.

An observation of what is passing within the walls at Hanwell may be found to throw much light on what is done in the world; and, on this account, it is to be desired that all who have any share of the welfare of humanity in charge, should visit the place for higher purposes than those of curiosity. They may gain even much more than guidance towards the true principle of treating insanity. Let them inquire the chief cause of all this mental disease among the women who compose the majority of the society, and they will be told "gin-drinking." Let them next inquire what led to gin-drinking, and take the answer to heart. Let them mark the direction taken by the sorrow and anger of the murmurers. "How do I do?" said one, in answer to a gentleman present, who had once incautiously promised to see what could be done for her. "Pretty well, only pretty well. How else should I be in this place? It is a barbarous thing to keep me here, when you said long ago you would do something to get me to London. You are like all the rest. You are a delusive man." It is as true of these helpless sufferers, as of the proudest among the wise, that not a word of their lips is forgotten before God! Alas, for those against whom the idlest of those words is rising up in judgment!—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

SONGS

From the "Noctes" of Blackwood's Magazine.

Do you see our vessel riding
At her anchor in you bay,
Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
For the morrow's onward way?
See her white wings folded round her,
Rock'd upon the lulling deep—
Hath the silent moonlight bound her
With a chain of peace and sleep?

Seems she not, as if enchanted
To that lone and lovely place,
Henceforth ever to be haunted
By that fair ship's shadowy grace?
Yet come here again to-morrow,
Not a vestige will remain;
Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,
They will watch the waves in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me;
For one parting word and tear;
Other lands and lips may greet me,
None will ever seem so dear.
Other lands—I may say other!
Mine again I shall not see!
I have left my aged mother—
She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
There mine own will never lie;
Where the pale wild-flowers are sighing
Sweet beneath a summer sky,
Mine will be less hallow'd ending,
Mine will be a wilder grave;
When the shriek and shout are blending,
Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Or, perhaps, a fate more lonely,
In some sick and foreign ward,
When my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse or sullen guard.

Be it wound, or be it fever,
When my soul's death-doom is cast,
One remembrance will not leave her,
Thine will linger to the last.

Dearest maiden! thou art weeping!
Must I from those eyes remove?
Hath thy pulse no soft pulse sleeping,
Which might waken into love?
No! I see thy brow is frozen,
And thy look is cold and strange;
Oh! when once the heart is chosen,
Well I know it cannot change!

And I know thy heart has spoken
That another's it must be;
Scarcely I wish that pure faith broken,
Though the falsehood were for me.
No! be still that guileless creature
Who upon my boyhood shone;
Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
Half my trust in Heaven were gone.

With these parting words I sever
All my ties of youth and home,
Kindred, friends, good-by for ever!
See! my boat cuts through the foam!
Wind, tide, time, alike are pressing,
I must leave my native shore;
One first kiss, and one last blessing—
Farewell, love, we meet no more!

LINES ON A WHITE DOVE. BY A GIRL.

EMBLEM of Innocence! spotless and pure,
Sweet bird of the snowy-white wing,
So gentle and meek, yet so lovely thou art,
Thy loveliness touches and gladdens my heart,
Like the first early blossoms of Spring.

There are birds of a sunnier land, gentle dove,
Whose plumage than thine is more bright;
The humming-bird there, and the gay paroquete,
But even than they thou art lovelier yet,
Sweet bird with the plumage of white.

For purity rests on thy feathers of snow,
Thy dark eye is sad, gentle dove;
And e'en in the varying tones of thy coo,
There's an accent of sadness and tenderness too,
Like the soft farewell whisper of love.

The eagle is queen of the cliff and the wave,
And she flaps her wild wing in the sky;
The song of the lark will enrapture 'tis true,
When no one would list to my white dove's soft coo,
No one—save her young ones—and I.

Farewell, then, sweet dove! if the winter is cold,
May the Spring with her blossoms appear
In sunny-clad beauty, to waken the song
Of the sweet-throated warblers the forests among,
And the nest of my fav'rite to cheer.

Notes of a Reader.

DUMB PAINTER.

ONE of the most remarkable colourists that Spain ever produced was Juan Fernandez Navarrete, born at Logrono about 1526, and surnamed, "El Mudo," from being dumb. It appears that an illness deprived him of the sense of hearing at three years old, and consequently that he never learnt to speak. His inclination for painting was first shown by attempting in his childhood to imitate with charcoal anything that struck his fancy; and his father was thus induced to procure him the instruction of Fra Vicente, a Hieronymite monk from a neighbouring monas-

tery. The advice of his first master was the cause of his visiting Italy, where, after seeing Rome, Naples, and Florence, he is said to have studied in the house of Titian. It is curious, that the little picture of the Baptism of Christ, which he presented to Philip II. after his return, as a proof of his ability, and which is now in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, bears no trace of the Venetian school; on the contrary, the pinkish draperies, and the tone of the whole picture, as well as the forms of the figures, are much more Florentine, and in point of colour totally unlike Navarrete's later works. The King was so well satisfied with this specimen of his talents that he assigned him a pension of 200 ducats, and employed him in the Escorial. Of the eight pictures which he first painted for that monastery, three perished by a fire. Another celebrated work of his which formerly adorned the same treasure-house of art, is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the collection of the Duke of Dalmatia. It is Abraham receiving the Angels, and with a very fine tone of colour, possesses a depth of shadow and an impressive gloom, highly characteristic of the artist and his country. Cean records a curious contract between the monks of the Escorial and Navarrete, of which the substance was as follows:—That Navarrete should execute thirty-two pictures for their church, twenty-seven of them to be of the dimensions of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $7\frac{1}{4}$, and the other five, 13 feet by 9. That he was to be at all the costs of canvass, &c., and that none but himself was to touch any important part. That for each he should receive 200 ducats, besides his ordinary pension from the king, who was to approve of them as they were finished. The standing figures were to be six feet and a quarter high, and if the same saint occurred twice, his face was to be repeated, *after an authentic portrait, if any such were accessible*. The painter, too, was forbidden to introduce a cat, dog, or other unbecoming figure: all were to be saints, and such as would excite devotional feelings. The last clause was probably occasioned by his having placed a cat and dog fighting in a Holy Family which he had painted for the cloister, and thereby perhaps provoked the laughter of some incautious novice. But the whole contract is highly interesting, as showing the extreme strictness with which the monks bound down the artists whom they employed, and how many probably of the errors of taste, or peculiarities in composition, may be attributed to the painter's want of free will. Fernandez did not live long enough to complete his gigantic undertaking: the eight first pictures, representing the twelve Apostles and four Evangelists, two in each, are still to be seen in the church of the Escorial, and it is difficult to speak too much in praise of some of them; they are almost

equal to Fra Bartolomeo in dignity, and to Titian in colour. The remainder of these altar-pieces were executed by Alonso Sanchez Coello and Luis de Carabajal, and they would appear fine pictures if they did not stand by those of El Mudo. Notwithstanding his misfortune, Navarrete is said to have been able to read and write, to have played cards, and expressed himself by signs with wonderful precision. The scene which passed when Philip II., without his usual feeling for art, and with the impatience characteristic of a sovereign, ordered Titian's picture to be reduced in size, so as to fit its place in the refectory, would make a fine subject for a painter. The Spanish artist expressed by signs his readiness to make an exact copy on peril of his head, and earnestly besought the king not to mutilate the work of his ablest instructor. He died at Toledo in 1579; and Padre Siguenza hardly said too much when he affirmed that it was worth a long journey to the Escorial only to see the works of this great man. We know of no picture by him in any English collection, except that in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, which represents the widowed heroine of the Comuneros, Dona Maria de Pacheco, as, arrayed in mourning, she paraded the streets of Toledo on her mule, and roused the sinking energies of its patriots.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

HYMN, BY CUNNINGHAM.

DEAR is the Sabbath morn to me,
When village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear the simple melody,
 Sung with the pomp of rustic art;
That holy, heavenly harmony—
The music of a thankful heart.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
That echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tears would fall;
But on the sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

Then dear to me the hallow'd morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
They oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Oft when the world with iron hands
Has bound me in his six days' chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours are the prophet's ear of fire
To bear us to a Father's arms.

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TYROLESE MINSTRELS.

By a Recent Tourist.

THE Tyrolese are a race of men as joyous as they are energetic; one may observe the near vicinity of Italian life, noisy and gay, seeking room under porticoes and in the open air.

In the evening we suddenly heard sweet female voices, and a melody that penetrated through bone and marrow. We followed the sound, and behold! two young girls were singing popular Tyrolese songs at the *table d'hôte*. We bade them come to us next. They came, and sang all they knew, even till midnight. We were beside ourselves with delight. * * * We thanked God for the happiness of hearing these songs in the Tyrol itself, and sang by natives. The peculiar mode of singing them, that variation and fraction of sounds,* celebrated all over Germany under the name of to *jodeln* or *johlen*, which is held to express a redoubled alternating echo of herdsmen's voices and hunting horns amidst the mountains, requires such marvellous action of the voice, such springs and falls of tones, as cannot possibly be produced by other throats than such as have had the Alps for their singing school. They are imitated, however, as may be, especially at German Universities, where, as is well known, a sort of forester's or hunter's life is always led. Nay, at Jena, the *Senatus Academicus* was compelled to publish a prohibition "*more Tyrolensium inconditis clamores edere*, (to utter rude clamours after the Tyrolese fashion), because it happened that all the windows of a many-storied house, situate in a large market-place and entirely inhabited by students, were, for a considerable length of time, seen open from morning till night, and crammed full of shirt-sleeved sons of Minerva, who *jodled* away all day long, in so full a chorus, that business was at a stand, and the whole town remained as if deaf and dumb.

But it was not by their lays only that the young songstresses afforded us poetic enjoyment; the story of their own life, which we had from the people of the inn, is highly poetical. They are properly three in number, orphans, in age from fifteen to twenty, live in a little cottage out of Innsbruck, and support themselves by their singing. They visit the town daily, or are sent for, to sing their simple ditties to lovers of music and travellers. Two are sisters, who have taken the third, a poor orphan like themselves, into their singing association. This last, who is the prettiest, we did not see till the following morning, when we had appointed them to

* We cannot accurately translate the strange word *liudbrytandet*, (literally, sound-fraction) nor does it appear descriptive of the thing; but all who recollect the singing of the Tyrolese minstrels will understand what is meant.

come again and repeat their songs. They now sang in addition a ballad upon the *Sandwirth* Hofer and his feats; they stood before his portrait, and his blithe countenance seemed to listen with pleasure to his name, as it sounded so gratefully on the lips of the daughters of his country. Nature has endowed all three with admirable voices; they have practised singing together, and they give the whole with a force, a warmth, a correct harmony, and a musical judgment that cannot be sufficiently praised. Neat and clean in their dress, they are free alike from all appearance of beggary, as from all marks betraying the loss or impairing of female honour. They come in only when summoned, drop a modest but slight curtsy at the door, step quickly forward, place themselves in a triangle in the middle of the floor, look only at each other, and instantly begin their songs. Even when these, as is not unfrequent in popular songs, express passion in its coarser forms, they seem nearly as unconscious as the rose when it stands forth amidst the sunshine, the very image of nature's voluptuousness. * * * When they have sung as much as they can, they at length raise their eyes to the travelling audience, and with simple, childlike friendliness, and a pretty curtsy, ask whether they have given satisfaction, adding that they can sing no longer. He were a barbarian who could scantily reward their nightingale-toil! Thereupon they return thanks for what they have received with another curtsy, somewhat deeper than the former, and rapidly vanish from one's sight. We were assured that, according to their station, they maintain themselves richly by their art, and, doubtless will soon find honourable suitors. Could prettier materials for a novel be devised.—*From a Swedish Journal—in the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

NIGHT-MARE.

THE modifications which night-mare assumes are infinite; but one passion is almost never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread. Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid, slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Everything horrible, disgusting, or terrific, in the physical or moral world, is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony: mad bulls and tigers pursue

his palsied footsteps: the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches, and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched: he is Ixion working for ages at his wheel: he is Sisyphus rolling his eternal stone: he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes: he is prostrated by inevitable destiny beneath the approaching wheels of the car of Juggernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side: then, to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes, but still the fearful being makes its presence known; for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then, if he look up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with even more than hellish malice. Or he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast—mute, motionless, and malignant; an incarnation of the Evil Spirit—whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, incessant stare petrifies him with horror and makes his very existence insufferable.

In every instance there is a sense of oppression and helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried varies, according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary, he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run with his wonted facility. If pursued by any imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal, or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible. He struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain: his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of complete freedom: the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its contracted and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre beside the mouldering dead. There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspects of the hideous phantoms which harass his imagination are bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.

In general, during an attack, the person has consciousness of an utter inability to express his horror by cries. He feels that his voice is half choked by impending suffocation, and that any exertion of it, farther than a deep sigh or groan, is impossible. Sometimes, however, he conceives that he is bellowing with prodigious energy, and wonders that the household are not alarmed by his noise. But this is an illusion: those outcries which he fancies himself uttering are merely obscure moans, forced with difficulty and pain from the stifled penetralia of his bosom.—*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep.*

The Gatherer.

Some one asking the late Mr. Curran why a countryman of his walked about London with his tongue out of his mouth, said that he "supposed he did so in hopes to catch the English accent."

Englishmen are said to love their laws; that is the reason, perhaps, why they give us so many of them, and so many different editions.

It was observed of a celebrated physician, that he never said in company, "I drink your health," but "My service to you."

Lord Oxford, (said Pope,) was huddled in his thoughts, and obscure in his manner of delivering them. It was he who advised Mr. Rowe to learn Spanish, which he did in about three months, thinking that there was some place ready for him; but, after all his pains and expectation, Lord Oxford only said, "Then, sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original."

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise," said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests, "cut it bridle-wise for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

Cart versus Card.—Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, tells us, that James Ralph, the dramatist, was frequently with Lord Melcombe; but, it is said, that a silly mistake of a domestic had very nearly caused a rupture between them. Lord Melcombe gave orders to his servant to go to Ralph, who lived not far from his lordship, at Isleworth, and take a card with him for a dinner invitation to Mr. Ralph and his wife. The servant mistook the word *card* for *cart*, and set out with one full speed to bring them to his lord's house. The supposed indignity offended the pride of Ralph, who, with great gravity, sent back the messenger and his carriage, with a long expostulatory letter.—P. T. W.

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